THE BOY FRIENDS

Pendulum

VOL. 1 NO. 2 $3.50 pnd

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Pendulum

Features

Not Even for an Hour — No Need for Others — A Bit of Erin

Sometimes Homosexual article — Chance Meeting

Jackson Goes to Hollywood fiction by Georgia Putman

Greg Getting Straight — To the Shores of Tripoli

Dec./Jan 69–70

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EDITORIAL

No man is an island. Most people will give credence to those famous words. Man is not a wolf of the steppes. He needs the love and companionship of other human beings for his mental and spiritual health. Unfortunately a minority of the population has been denied—until quite recently—this basic human imperative. The homophile, because he or she was different, was not considered a total human being with the same needs and desires as his fellow man. He was expected, even required by law, to stay on his island. Should he be discovered seeking the love of another man, he was the victim of libel or incarceration. Happily, we now live in a more rational world. The writings of psychologists and sociologists have filtered down to the population at large, bringing a new sophistication and tolerance. No longer do intelligent people condemn one man's quest for love because it is directed towards members of his own sex. The new rationalism views pleasure as a human good, without the old Puritanical trappings of guilt and fear. Taboos and "thou-shalt-not's" are temples to fear. As each one crumbles, we become a happier, healthier, more *human*, race.

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Not Even For An Hour

IT MIGHT BE HARD TO BELIEVE BUT THESE TWO BOYS ARE NEARLY STRANGERS. THEY JUST HAPPENED TO MEET AT A NEAR-BY COFFEE SHOP.

MAYBE THERE WAS A CERTAIN GLANCE OR SPECIAL WAY OF TALKING, BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THEM TO REALIZE THAT THEY WERE BOTH INTERESTED IN THE SAME THING.

"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME UP TO MY PLACE WHERE WE CAN BE ALONE?" ONE OF THEM ASKED.

"THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS HOPING YOU WOULD SUGGEST. I'D LOVE TO."

ONCE THEY FOUND THEMSELVES ALONE, THINGS REALLY STARTED HAPPENING. THEY CAME TO REALIZE THAT THEY HAD A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT IN COMMON ... MAINLY A STRONG URGE FOR EACH OTHER.

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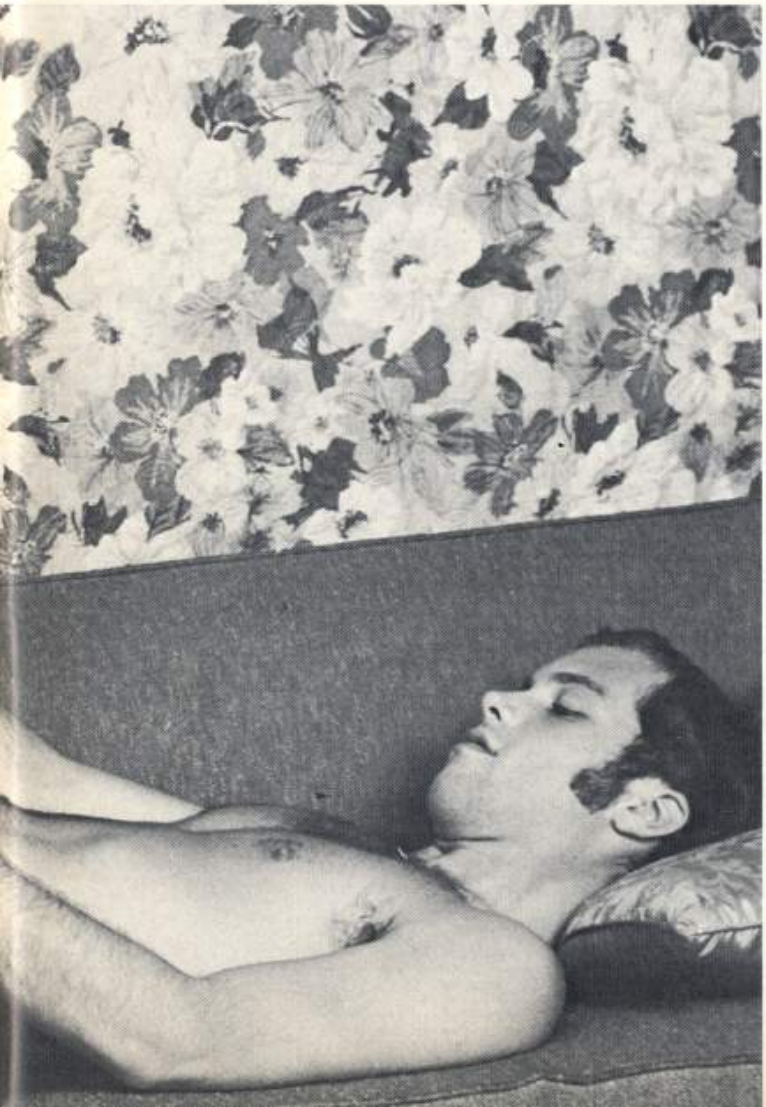
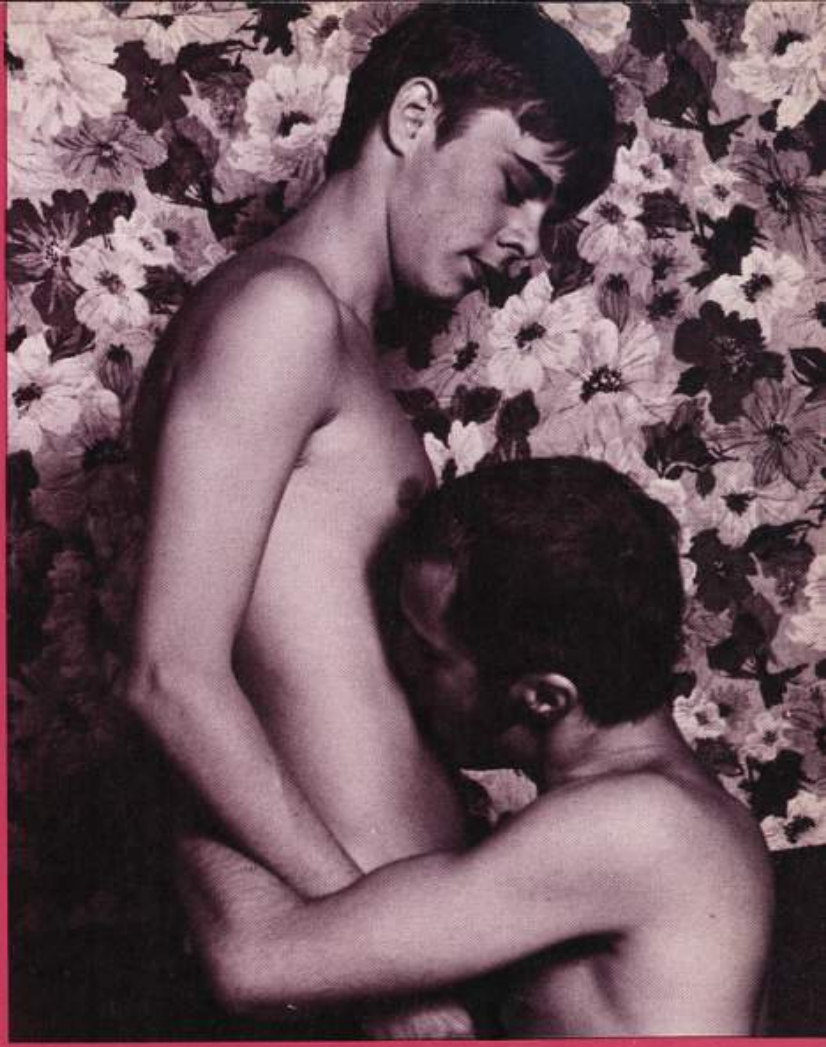
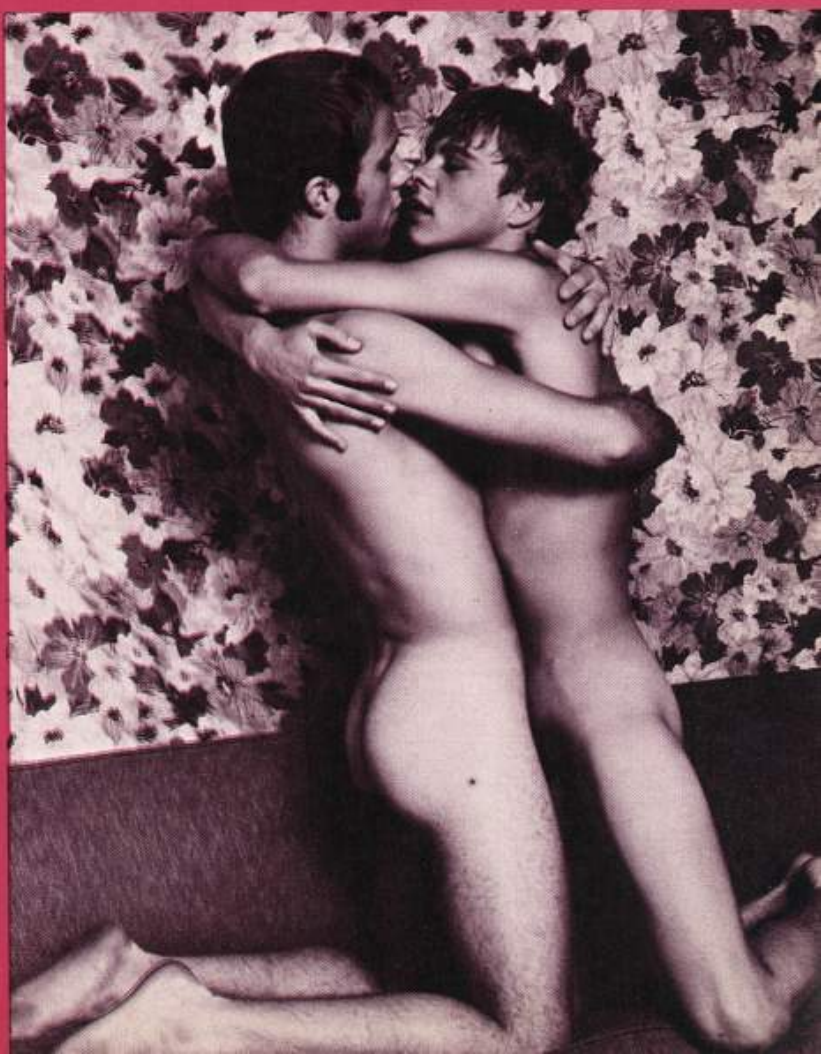
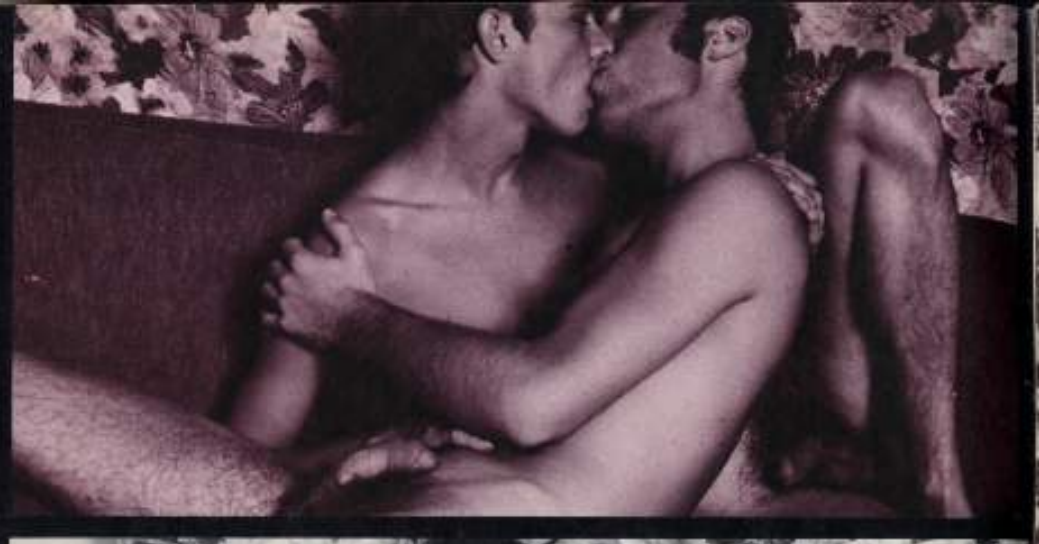
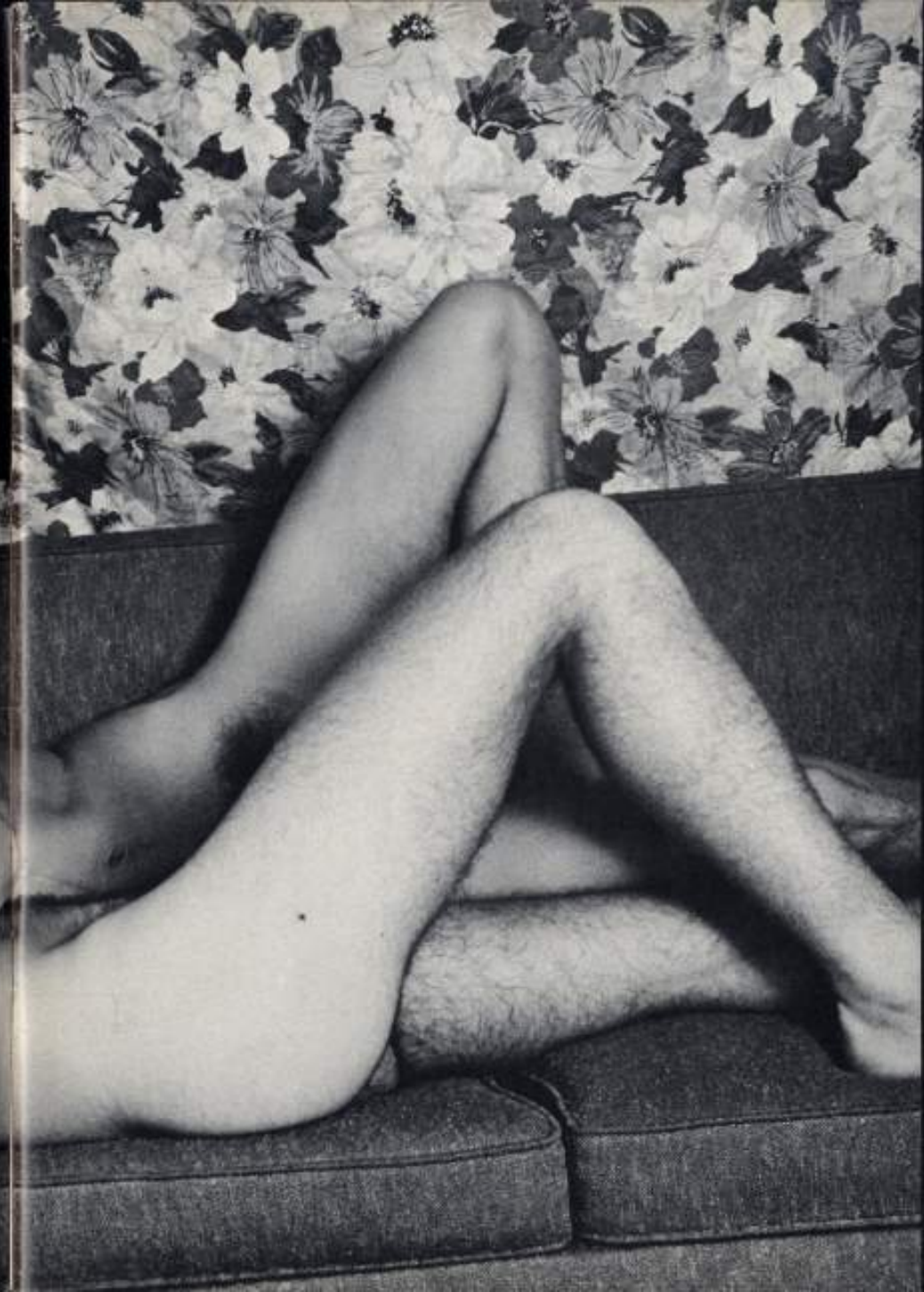






THEY SPENT AN ENTIRE TWO DAYS TOGETHER, ONLY RESTING LONG ENOUGH TO ORDER FOOD OVER THE PHONE.





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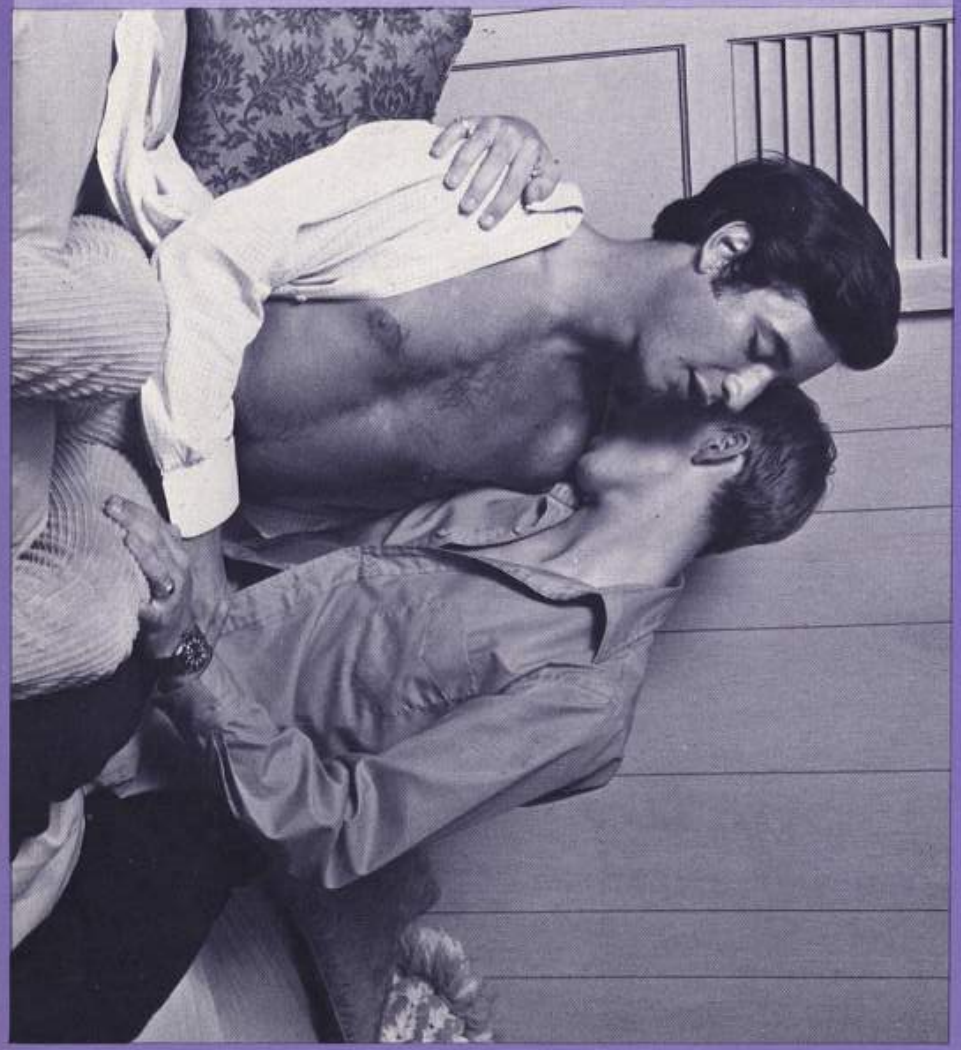
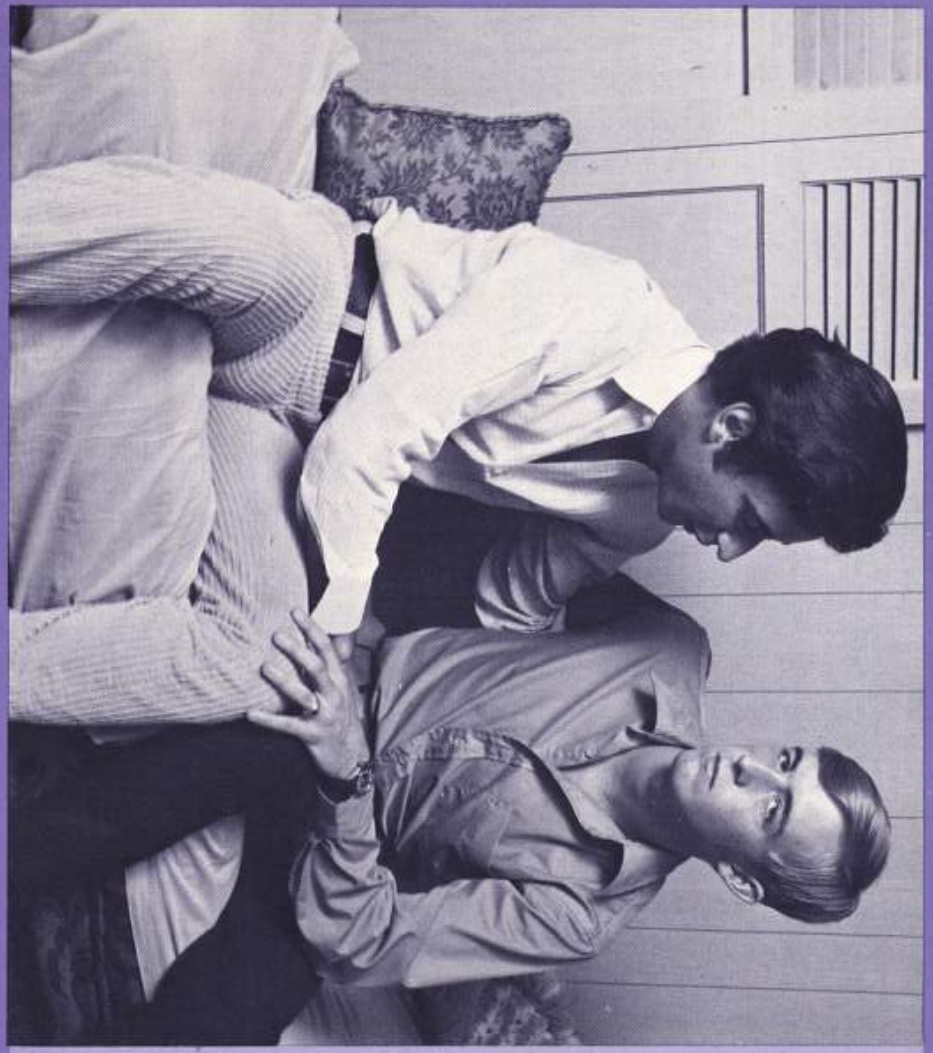


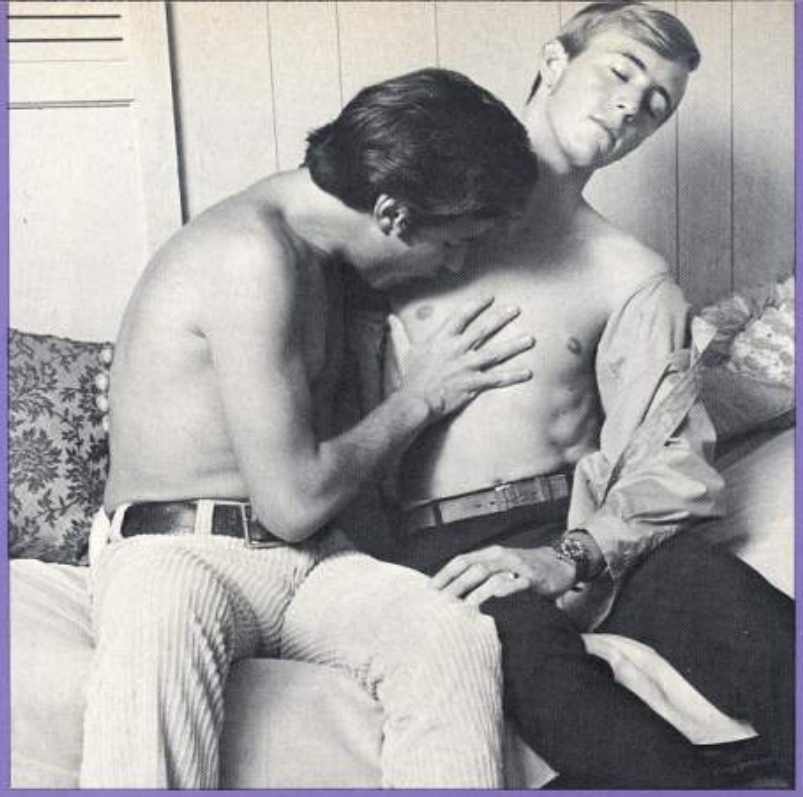


For Others

TWO ATTRACTIVE GUYS LIKE THIS CAN ONLY LIVE WITH EACH OTHER FOR SO LONG BEFORE THINGS START TO HAPPEN. IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME.

BOTH OF THEM HAVE HAD MANY DATES WITH GIRLS, BUT SOMEHOW THERE'S JUST SOMETHING THEY SEE ABOUT EACH OTHER THAT SEEMS EVEN BETTER THAN THAT.

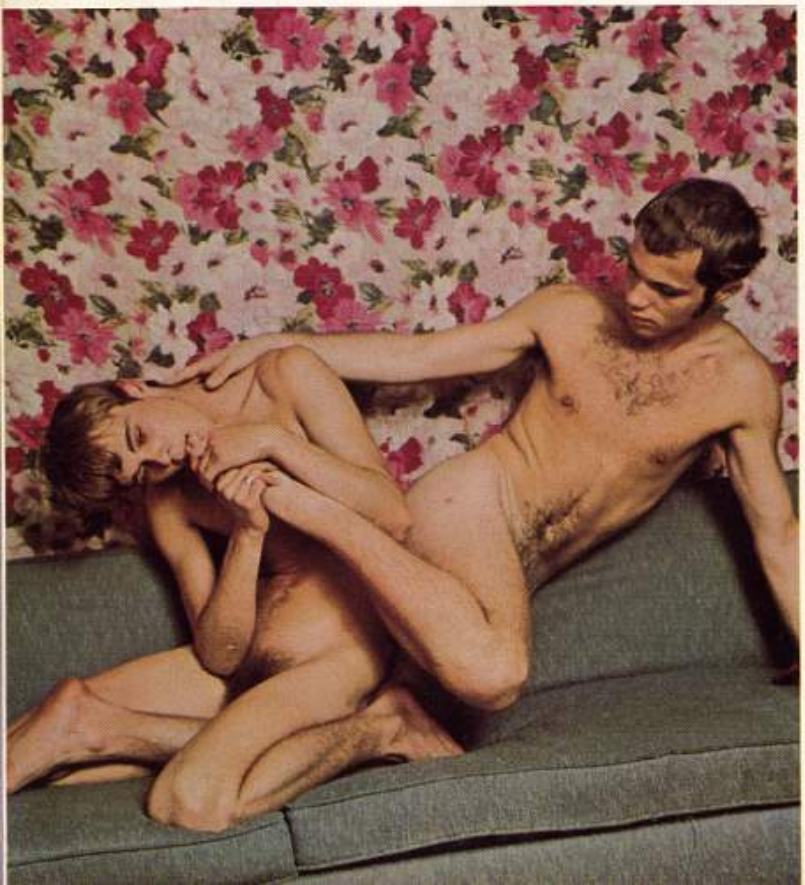
"LOOK," ONE OF THEM SAID. "IT'S TIME WE GOT A FEW THINGS STRAIGHT . . . AT LEAST TWO THINGS. LET'S NOT PLAY ANY MORE GAMES. I CAN'T STAND IT."



THE OTHER RESPONDED READILY BY PULLING DOWN HIS PANTS AND SHOWING HIS FRIEND THAT HE HAD EVERYTHING NECESSARY FOR A COMPLETE RELATIONSHIP.

"COME HERE NEXT TO ME. I WANT ALL OF YOU. I WANT TO DO MORE THAN JUST LOOK."

THEIR FRIENDSHIP HAS DEEPENED CONSIDERABLY. THEY DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE ELSE. THEY'RE NOW COMPLETELY ENGROSSED IN EACH OTHER.



Cambridge

I Was a Faggot in Uniform

"INCOMING!!"

Scr-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-BLAM!!!

I was alive. Pulling out of the caved-in dirt, staggering back, falling, but alive. Sergeant Cummins ran by my field of dirt-dimmed vision, shouting soundlessly. Ears stopped up. Dirt. Or concussion from shell. Concussion. Can't unstop ears, cleaning 'em out. What am I gonna be, deaf from the war? Is that the way it comes out?

"You hit, Hampton?"

I can hear. Stuffy sound, but I can hear.

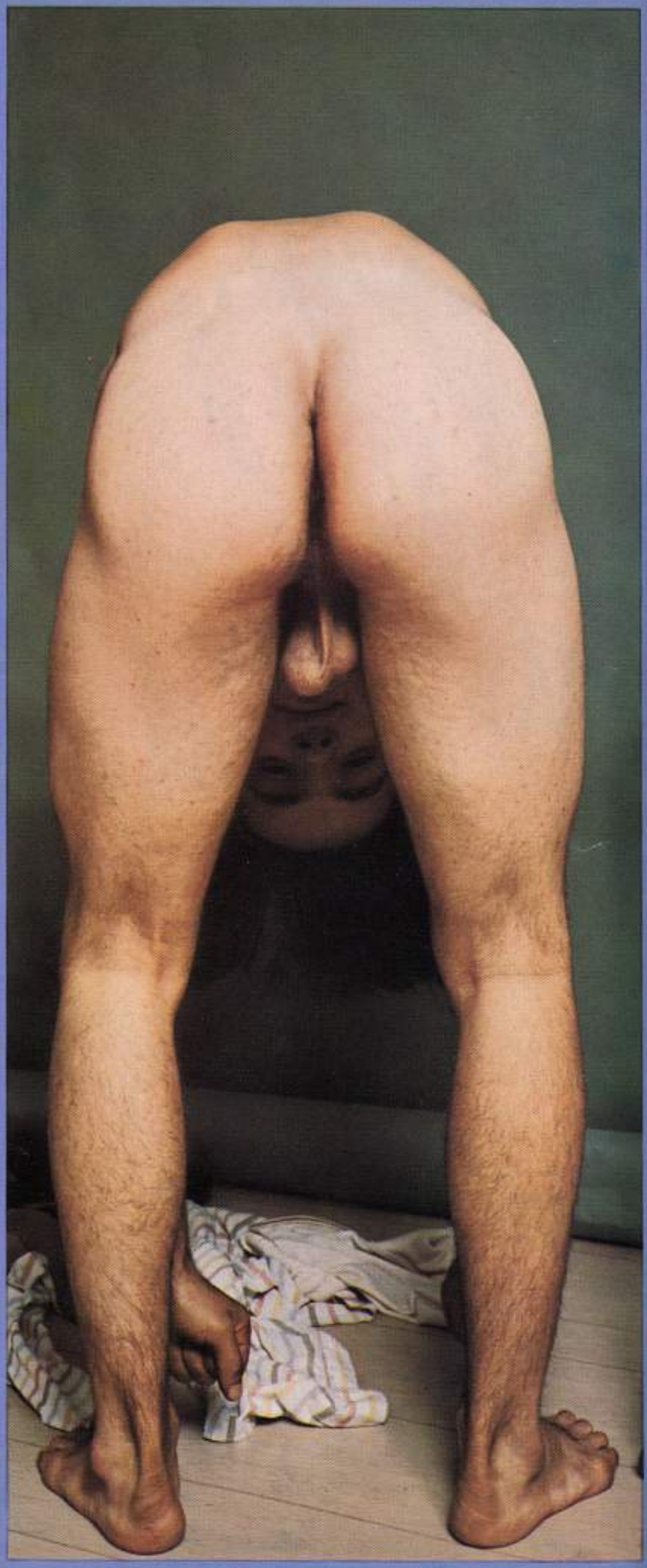
"You okay, Hampton?"

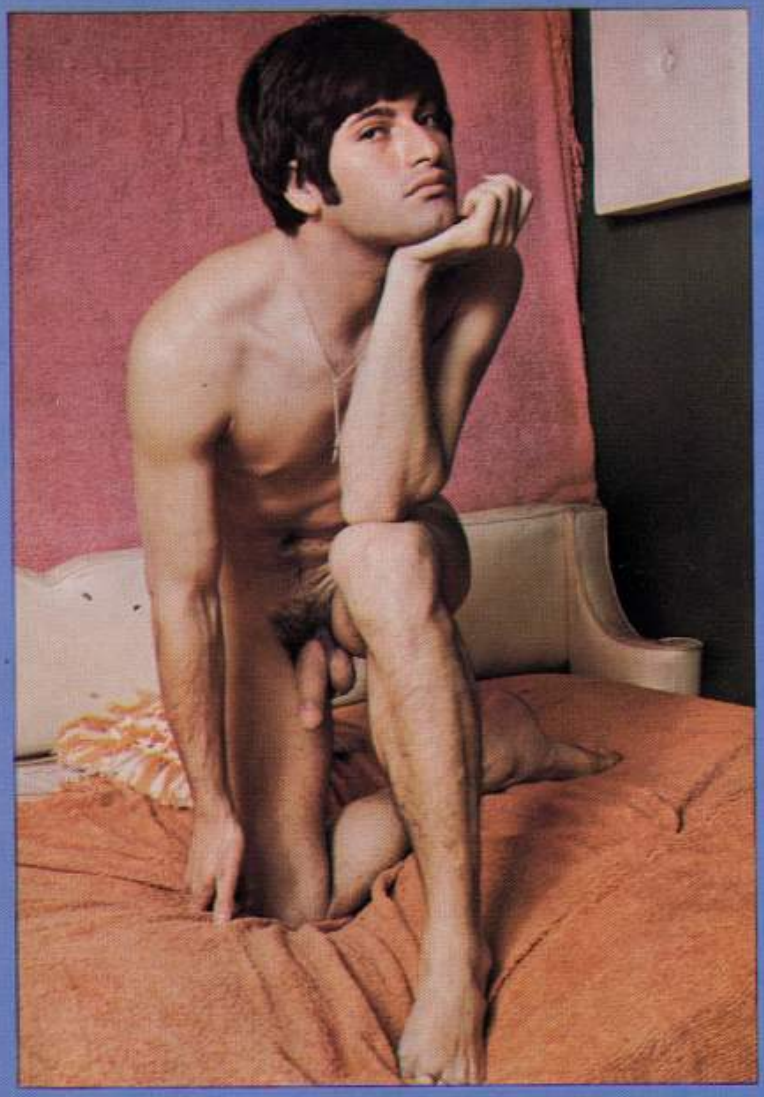
"Yeah." I was okay, but I didn't realize it till I heard myself say it. I was moving up along the caved-in trench, shoveling out the dirt and stone automatically. Sergeant Cummins was all over the place. Then I saw the first wounded up close. I mean the first human being I ever saw really hurt bad, ever. Torn shreds, blood, skin, fragments of everything.

"Hurry up, Hampton. He's dead. Keep moving. Keep doing what you're doing. Head down. Good boy. We're okay."

Who was it? Later I found out the corpse was Charlie Schauer. Charlie Schauer, can you imagine it. That good-lookin' guy. I think he once noticed me looking at his build the wrong way in the shower stall. Shit. It gave me a funny feeling to think that if he knew, and if he hadn't passed along the idea to somebody else, that now nobody in the company knew, because Charlie was dead. Shows you how you think in a war, how you think when you're a faggot too. That's all you think about. Makes me sick. Charlie Schauer was a good guy.

No more shells came in. It must have been an isolated hit. We were at Bhin Duk out in the middle of nowhere. The camp was surrounded by Cong and the monsoon mud made it impossible for help to get through for at least two weeks more. Low cloud ceilings and endless rain had cut incoming supplies to a helicopter a day, and only necessities were coming in. Heavy flak from the ring of Cong around us had prevented the copters from





landing for over a week now, so dead and wounded weren't being lifted out.

As I made my way to the bunker, the grime from the long day's cleaning up imbedded in every pore of my body, I saw them pulling the guy along. A blindfolded Cong, his whole face swathed in khaki cloth and his hands bound behind him.

"Kill the fucker, Ben! Y'hear me? Kill the fuckin' bastard!" That was dumb-ass Max Bakerfield yelling his head off. Kill. Kill.

Ben Cummins called back in a firm voice. "We need 'im, Max. Stay cool, babes."

I reached the bunker at the same time that Sergeant Cummins and an ARVN soldier pulled the blindfolded Cong down the crude steps. They passed right in front of me. The little guy in dirt-clodded black was shakin' scared. Maybe he would talk. Naw, they never did, and he was a gutsy sapper who'd gotten through the barbed wire and curtain of bullets, probably trying to blow us all up.

Inside, I dumped my stuff and started to wash down. Behind me, they were shoving the prisoner around, and then the ARVN started to talk to the guy. The little bit of water I was able to use felt fantastic. Some kind of confidence was returning after the shelling in the afternoon. They'd never get through. Maybe not even really attack, like they didn't up at Khe Sahn. Just a big bluff, and the reinforcements would get through in a week or so. Then we'd have it made. We'd get a long rest after this one, and I only had three months to go anyway.

Toweling off, I turned and watched the interrogation. They had the guy on his knees, hands tied to a post behind him. He was still swathed in that khaki cloth. If he somehow escaped, the less he'd seen the better. The ARVN pushed the cloth up so his mouth was completely free, and the little fellow gasped for breath. They'd made it tough to breathe the way they'd gagged him, and his hands must have been crying out for blood.

In staccato fashion, the ARVN shot questions at the quivering little guy, who remained mum. Periodically, big Ben Cummins would step in as if to throttle the guy, but the ARVN would hold him back and then return to the prisoner in a cajoling voice. They got nothing out of him.

"Shit-fuck," muttered Sergeant Cummins, putting a half-hearted boot into the Cong's midsection. He and the native Vietnamese walked out, chatting idly.

In clean fatigues now, I felt pretty good as I lay back on the cot. Three more months, and I would have kept my promise to myself. How easy it would have been to get out of it. And all those fake fairies back home mincing around in front of draft board officials. The cool drinking water tasted good on my lips. Something I'd earned, like the life I was going to have back in the states, when this was all over. Worth the risk. No one could hassle me then. I'd have the ribbon. No medals, but I'd have the ribbon. And after this seige, I'd have really done my share.

The little guy kneeled there motionless. He was the first Cong I'd seen up close, too. Boy, I'd really have a story to tell now. My first eight months in Nam had been spent in comfort and safety at Ton Son Nhut. I knew now that I wouldn't fold before I made it through the year, and I'd picked a tough outfit. I reached up and pulled down the beret. Shit, there had been talk of a special outfit for homos. Some homophile group in the states had been plumping for it, and I almost waited to see if it would materialize.

The beret set comfortably down almost to my ears. I had to laugh aloud. If they had gone ahead with a fag outfit, they'd have had to call us the lavender berets.

Then I glanced over at the little guy again. Could use a drink, I guess. Jesus, he had guts. I couldn't have made it through like he did. I walked over and set my cup to his lips. First no reaction. Maybe he thought it was poison, or a trick to torture him. Then he drank . . . and drank and drank. He deserved it, you have to admit.

I stooped down, watching him. Eight months. His little, young mouth lapping water. How old was he? You couldn't tell with these guys, and with so much of his face covered. Young mouth. Sensuous, young mouth. I glanced at the entrance to the bunker. We were alone.

Quickly, acting without volition, I zipped down my fly and let my dong free. It stood out hard and swollen. Nothing but occasional quiet beating off in the night for eight months. At boot camp, there'd been a guy. I expected that. You can find a guy about anywhere. But out here, I hadn't looked. When I'd spotted a guy at the airbase I thought was queer, I'd shunned him. If everyone was avoiding a guy because of some gesture he'd made or the pitch of his voice, he was like the plague to me.

I nudged the head of my cock up against his soft, young lips. He jerked his head at the touch. I forced. Scared, quivering again, he only half resist-

ed. In the dark as he was, he must have pictured heavy-booted men all around. Bayonets ready to thrust if he resisted. He let me push the full length of my prick down his throat. God, it felt good again. I pushed at his jaw with my hand. Again. He made a half-hearted motion on my cock. Encouragingly I pushed again. He repeated the action, and then began to suck.

I eased my dick back and forth, gently. He must have known that he was doing what I wanted because I was moving it in and out in a rhythmic movement and not pushing his jaw anymore. His tongue turned my dong to fire, running along the extra-sensitive underside of the thing. After a while, I could hold off no longer. The spunk shot out with a mind-bending surge of pleasure; then I orgasmed again and again, thrills of sheer ecstasy shooting up through my body with each blast. I thought I'd never stop coming, and the Cong gulped it down forcefully. Finally I stopped the spasms of pleasure, and remained in his mouth with my cock lying peacefully on his tongue.

Outside, another screech in the air. Some muffled shouting and another blast. An incoming. Then another. Then two in succession, nearer, louder. More muffled shouting and sounds. Then a barrage of blasts. What the fuck. . . ? I'd never heard the Cong pour it on like that before. They didn't have that much ammo.

I pulled my limp dick out of his yap and zippered up quickly. Hadn't been found out. I returned to the water supply and gave the guy another long drink, then finished the water that was in the cup. More explosions outside. The ground was shaking, and little bits of dirt and sprays of dust were coming down on my head. Maybe the B-52s had got through after all and were bombing the perimeter. Could be. There might have been a break in the cloud cover that made it possible to bomb close to the camp. Never heard anything like it before.

I returned to the cot to wait. That was my orders. I'd sure as hell done my bit that day. I closed my eyes and mind to the noise, and in time it quieted down. Then—suddenly—a god-awful screaming and yelling and shooting with small arms. What the god-damned fuck. What a crazy day.

Hey! Somebody was coming down the stairs into the bunker. Clue me in at least. Then I saw them. Cong. A good dozen poured in, some ragged and bleeding, and all covered with dust and dirt. Shouting in Vietnamese. Grabbing me off the cot. No time to get to my side-arm. They tied me up and pushed me down into a kneeling position with my back to one wall.

Then some more came in with three of the other guys. They were beat up pretty bad, and one guy had a shredded remainder of an arm. Sergeant Cummins wasn't among them. I knew he was dead. If he wasn't fighting the "gooks," as he called them, he was dead. They pushed the other guys to the floor, hands tied behind backs. Then they released our prisoner. He got up and the others treated him very deferentially. He looked young, but he must have been an officer. They don't have any insignia or anything, but the others knew who was boss.

He glanced around at the prisoners, us. I thought his eyes lingered on me a little longer than the others. Then he snapped out orders. A Cong stepped forward, pointed a pistol at one of the men, and fired a shot through his forehead. Then he moved to the next man and, in spite of his screams and pleas, fired a bullet through his head. Moving to the prisoner with the blasted fragment of arm, he aimed again. The man thrust his bleeding limb forward as if to call attention to it. Then he begged for mercy. A bullet made a black spot appear on his forehead at the same instant the whole back of his skull flew off in a shower of shreds and blood. Then the Cong pointed his gun at my face.

I'd asked for it. Joined up, not with any romantic notion of war or sense of patriotism, but because I wanted to. And I'd tried for the beret and made it. I just looked straight ahead and waited. The gun went off. With a snap. There'd only been three shells in it. The Cong turned and walked off. I glanced at the man who'd been our prisoner. He ordered the others out.

"Now it's your turn, American," he said to my surprise, after the others had gone. He took out his tool, a not insignificant affair, and I chomped onto it. As I worked at the thing, he petted my head and laughed. "We'll leave you behind," he said. "We can't hold the base. We took it but we'll expend no more lives in a futile and foolish attempt to hold it. They'll find you when they come. Good luck, my friend."

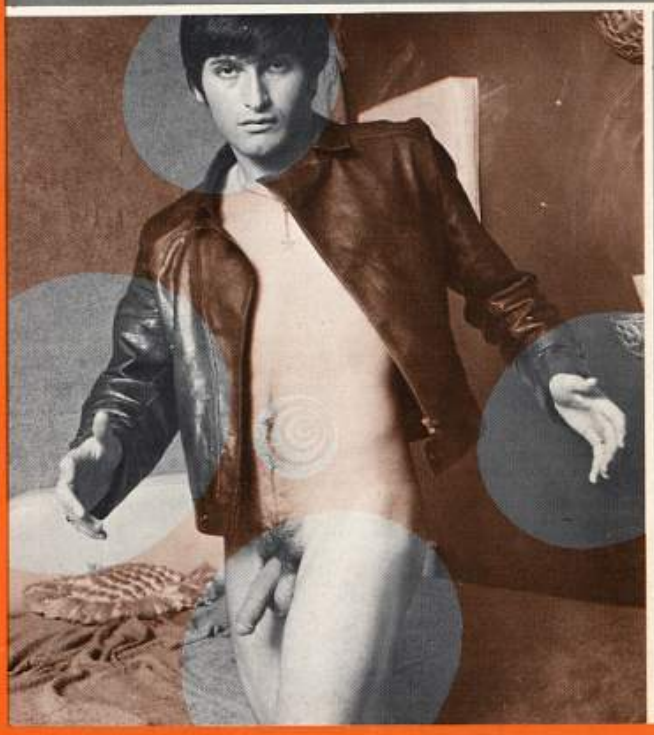
That was all. I finished up, he tucked in his dork, and we parted. I was the only man alive when the berets came.

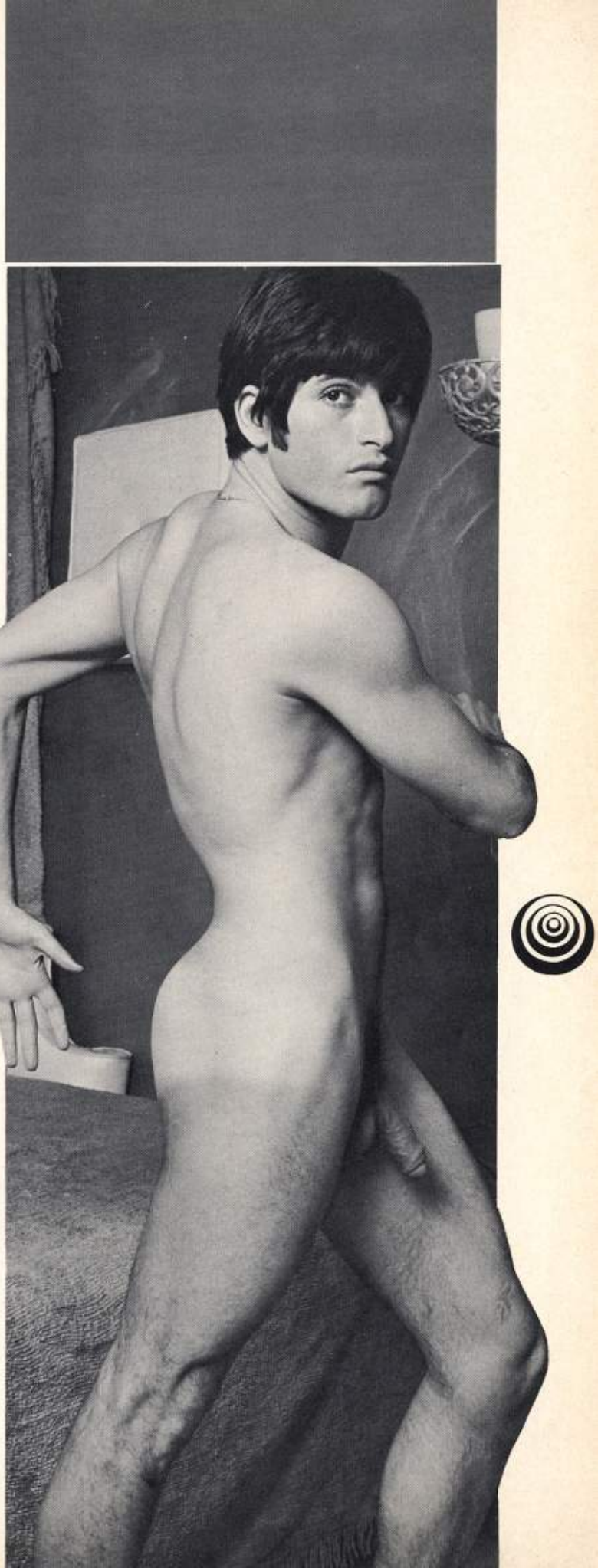
Can't Sit Down

WE WERE LUCKY TO FIND RICARDO WHEN WE DID. AS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR MALE FASHION MODELS IN LOS ANGELES, RICARDO GETS AROUND QUITE A BIT.

THE LEATHER JACKET IS PART OF AN EXCLUSIVE CARDIN ENSEMBLE THAT RICARDO WAS SPECIALLY CHOSEN TO MODEL AT A FAMOUS MEN'S STORE.

HOW DOES RICARDO ENJOY THE HECTIC PACE OF HIS PROFESSIONAL LIFE? "I LIKE TO KEEP BUSY—I HAVE SO MUCH ENERGY TO BURN UP, YOU KNOW?" HOWEVER, THE STRIKING YOUNG MAN ADMITTED, HE'S LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO HELP HIM SETTLE DOWN.





ANOTHER MAN

James R. Monroe looks, at first glance, like the guy who smiles at you out of a cigaret ad. Open, handsome, pleasant face. Masculine build. The kind of guy who always has some beautiful girl clinging onto his shoulder, although you often wish you could get him alone in a room sometime. But you wouldn't dream of making a pass at a guy like Jim because he looks so totally straight. Well, Jim thought he was straight, too—up until last year, when he left his wife and child to move in with a homosexual lover.

We learned of Jim's case through a colleague who is writing a book on bisexuality. His history sounded so interesting that we asked for, and were granted, an interview. So one sunny Saturday afternoon we dropped in on Jim at his beachside apartment and found him lying out in the patio in his swimming trunks. Jim is far removed from the effete sterotype of the faggot or fairy. His thick, solid muscles lay coiled like tight springs under the bronzed skin. Light brown hair and clear blue eyes set off his symmetrical features. He jumped up to greet us, flashing a warm smile and extending a muscled arm in a hearty handshake.

EDITOR: Would you mind telling our readers, Jim, about the events that led to your leaving your family to adopt the homosexual way of life?

JIM: I guess I should go back to the first time I felt an urge to suck another guy's cock. That's what kicked the whole thing off. It was at the beach, about three years ago, when I was twenty-two. Linda—that's my ex-wife—went into the women's shower to change while I went into the men's. There was only one other person in the shower room, and he must have been a weight-lifter or an athlete. I mean, his build was like one of those Greek statues—perfect. He was about my age and I just assumed he was straight. I was very naive about the gay world in those days—I wouldn't have known a queer if one came up and tugged on my whang. Anyway, I was looking at this guy's body while taking a shower just because it was so impressive. There were no homo feelings going on inside me at the moment—if anything, I felt envious of his build. Well, he noticed that I was looking at

him and started very subtly putting on a show for me—flexing his muscles and spending about five minutes slowly soaping up his cock, making sure I could see it.

As he rubbed the soap back and forth on his prick, it started swelling up until he had about an eight-inch hard on jutting out in my direction. He didn't look embarrassed at all—in fact, I think he was trying to turn me on. Which he did, and it surprised the hell out of me. I found myself staring at that big, hard cock like I was hypnotized, and I felt my own meat start to tingle.

Then this fantastically-built character actually started beating off right in front of me. I'd watched guys jerk off before—my friends and I used to have contests when I was a kid to see who could come first. But this time I felt a strong yearning to get down on my knees and wrap my lips around his lobe and suck him off. I'd never had the urge before—it didn't appear in my dreams or anything, like it does with so many closet cases. I just stood there spellbound while he pumped away on his hunk of meat until he finally came, shooting spurts of jism all over the shower floor. It's a good thing nobody else came in—they might have thought something was a little strange.

EDITOR: Did you talk to your wife at all about the incident?

JIM: Are you kidding? I'm the one who always used to tell the faggot jokes at parties and laugh the hardest. If I even had hinted to Linda that I had suspicions about being gay myself, she'd never have let me live it down. No, I just let it pass without a word, but I began to analyze my sexual feelings much more closely. Although I continued to screw Linda as often as before, I began to enjoy masturbating while thinking about the guy in the showers and his hard cock. I've always been truthful with myself, and I faced up to the fact that I did have homosexual inclinations.

EDITOR: I imagine you went through a good deal of psychological anguish over it. Many heterosexual males have an acute fear about discovering any homo tendencies in themselves.

JIM: Nope. I've always been a doer rather than a thinker. What good does it do to sit around worrying about something? Not a damn bit. I decided that if I was half fag, then I'd better learn how to satisfy my fag appetites. I'd known since childhood that the city park was a famous hangout with homos, so one or two nights a week I would tell Linda I was going bowling with the boys or something, and go cruise the park. Ever been down there around midnight? The place is crawling with perverts. The first night I went down I was kind of nervous—I didn't know how to go about meeting someone, or what I should do when I did. Didn't take long to learn, though. Before I'd walked half a block into the park, some middle-aged guy in a suit started cruising me. He walked alongside of me and started an absurd conversation about the weather—all the while we were sizing each other up. I guess he liked what he saw because he suddenly asked me if I wanted a blow job. Sure, I said. I could already feel my prick pressing against my pants leg. We stepped into a clump of tall shrubbery and the guy almost ripped my pants off trying to get at my dong. When it popped up, he grabbed the shaft in one hand and started licking along the bottom side, from my balls all the way up to the tip. Jesus, what a feeling! I almost came right away, but made an effort to hold back.

I'd never been sucked off before—Linda only does ordinary fucking. She thinks everything else is perverted. No kidding. A real Puritan, that chick. Well, my rod was throbbing by the time this character finished washing it down. He stuck one hand between my legs and started massaging my balls and asshole while he slid his lips over the lobe. He took all nine inches of my cock down his throat, like he was swallowing a sword. When he tasted the first tiny little drops of jism pour out of the tip, he started bobbing his head back and forth like he was having a seizure. The wet, smacking sounds and the way he was tickling my balls really got me hot, and I could feel the waves of pleasure start to lap up out of my groin. I began grinding my hips in rhythm with his bouncing head, and pretty soon I shot what felt like a quart of come into his mouth. He gulped it all down and licked my prick clean afterwards.

EDITOR: It seems redundant to ask if you enjoyed your first homosexual encounter.

JIM: Enjoyed it? I loved it! I couldn't wait to do it again—I really wanted to try going down on somebody. But I wanted it to be somebody who turned me on. So one night at the park I asked a trick if there were any gay bars in town. He told me the location of several. One weekend Linda went to visit her mother, and I took the opportunity to track down one of the gay bars, one I was told was frequented by college students. I could hardly believe my eyes when I walked in around eleven o'clock. The place was mobbed with handsome, masculine-looking young men. It could have been a fraternity meeting, except the guys were all

a little too good looking and every eye in the place shot towards the door as soon as I walked in. I felt awfully self-conscious, and hurried to the bar for a drink.

As I was waiting for it, surveying the place, a kid standing next to me struck up a conversation. He looked like an All-American football player. And, it turned out, he did play ball at college. I warmed up to him at once and said to myself, Jim, you're going to end up in bed tonight with this number. He was living in a dormitory, so we went back to my house. Both of us knew exactly what we were there for, and we didn't waste any time on small talk.

Almost as soon as we were inside the door, we lunged for each other and started kissing and feeling each other's bodies. This kid's body was enough to make me blow my load just feeling it. I rubbed my hand over his crotch and felt this massive pole rising all the way to his belt. I could hardly wait to see a cock like that, so I started unfastening his belt and zipper and pulling down his pants. I yanked down his jockey shorts and up sprung this big, beautiful organ, with a little drop of come hanging off the tip of it.

This was just the kind of cock I'd been waiting for to go down on. So I did, right then. I buried my fingers in the muscles of his ass and started sucking away for all I was worth. I could tell from the way he was squirming and moaning that he dug what I was doing, and that turned me on even more. As if by instinct, I knew exactly where to apply friction and pressure on his prick to give him the most pleasure. The part he obviously liked best was when I tightened my lips around the head and moved my mouth rapidly back and forth while rubbing my tongue along the underside of his lobe. It really surprised me when I felt the warm liquid gushing into my mouth. I mean, I didn't know if I wanted to swallow it or what. So I just held it in my mouth and kept sucking on his cock until he finished coming. Then I went to the bathroom and spit it out.

When I came back, I saw that my friend had taken off his clothes and was lying naked on the sofa. His whang was flopped over on his leg like a dead snake, but I still hadn't had enough of it. He asked me if I had any Vaseline; I couldn't imagine what he wanted it for. I soon found out. By the time he was finished greasing up my dick with the stuff, I had a huge erection. He showed me how to position myself to fuck him. I was pretty ignorant in those days. You know, fucking an asshole actually gives you more pleasure than a cunt? Probably because it's tighter. You have to learn to relax your sphincter muscle, though, or it can hurt like hell. I don't mean you *you*—I mean you in general!

EDITOR: Of course—I assumed that's what you meant. Tell us, Jim, how did you manage to reconcile your homosexual activities with your marital obligations? Apparently, you were a practicing homo for two years before you decided to leave your wife.

JIM: It wasn't too difficult; as I said, I got into the habit of going out and picking up a trick a couple of nights a week, and that satisfied my homo cravings. Meanwhile, I still did sincerely love Linda, and we kept up a perfectly harmonious sex life together. But the dishonesty and hypocrisy began to bother me. I was slowly going through a change of identity, and Linda—the person closest to me—knew nothing about it. And I couldn't imagine her understanding if I tried explaining.

When she became pregnant, I wanted to stick it out with her at least until the kid was born. But I realized by then that marriage—to a woman—was a farce to me. When the baby was about six months old, I laid the news on Linda. I told her I had become a practicing homo, that for the past several months I was having an affair with another guy who I loved and wanted to live with. She didn't believe me. She thought I was just tired of her and was cooking up some wild story to get a divorce. She was so stubborn that I had to bring David, my lover, over to talk to her and convince her that I wasn't lying.

Linda took the news pretty heavily at first, getting hysterical and depressed all the time, saying she was going to commit suicide. So both of us started seeing a marriage counselor and a psychiatrist together. They both recommended a divorce. Since we split a year ago, Linda has remarried—to an old friend of mine. She's very happy now, and we get along fairly well when I go visit the kid. She's never come over to visit David and me, though. She's still not open-minded enough to accept a fag marriage.

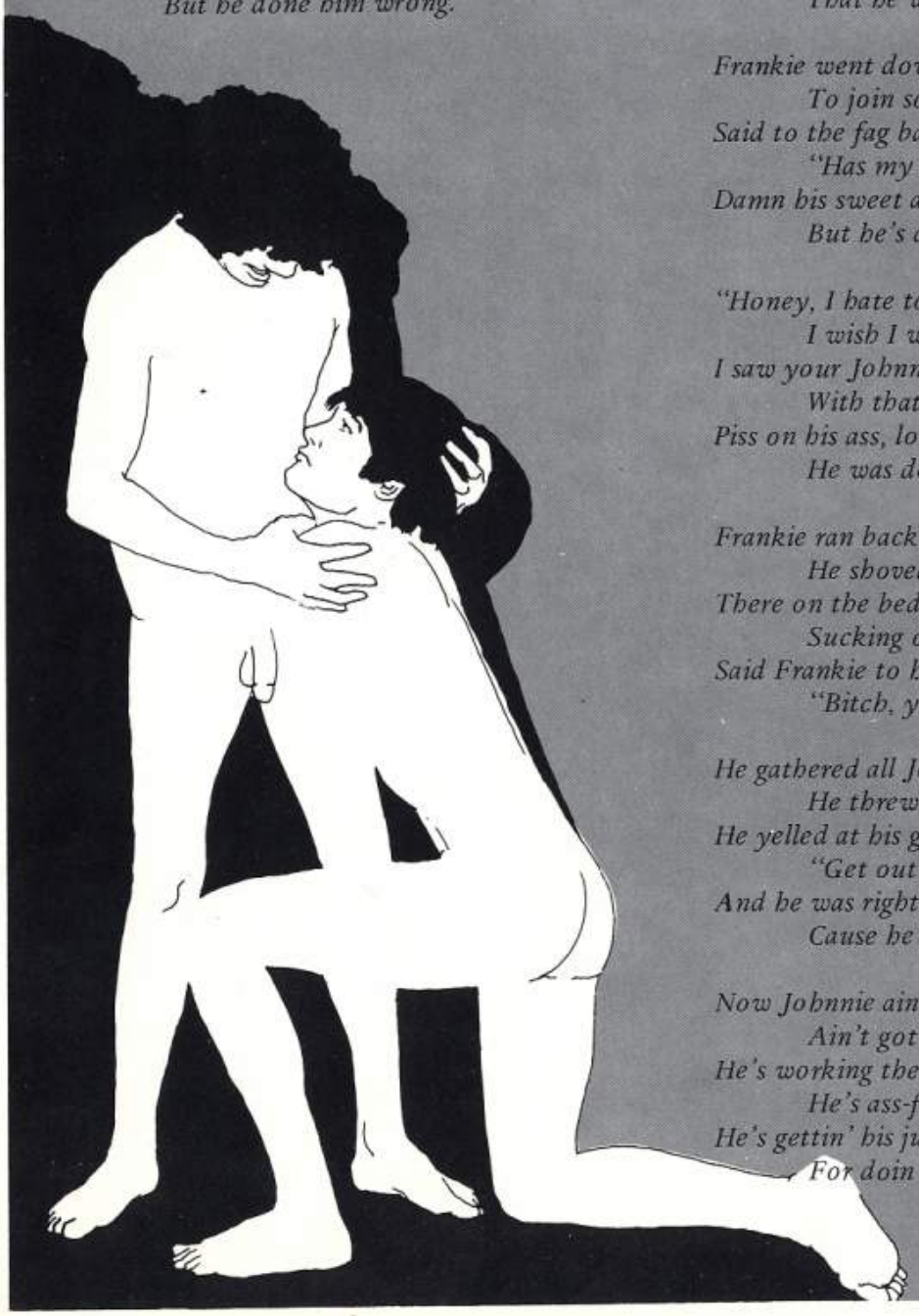
EDITOR: Do you think you might ever get married again, Jim?

JIM: I *am* married, man. Not legally of course, but who cares about that? We've got a pretty groovy thing going just the way it is.

ILLUSTRATION: PHILIP CAMPBELL

The Ballad of Frankie & Johnnie

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers,
Goodness, Oh God! How they'd love—
Swore to be true to each other,
True as the stars above.
For he was his man,
But he done him wrong.



Frankie was a good guy,
Most everybody knows,
He gave a hundred dollars
To Johnnie for a suit of clothes.
Cause he was his man,
But he done him wrong.

Now Frankie worked in a stud joint,
Where rich scores go for some joy;
Gave all his money to Johnnie,
Who spent it on a cute peg-boy.
Ain't no lie
That he was doin' him wrong.

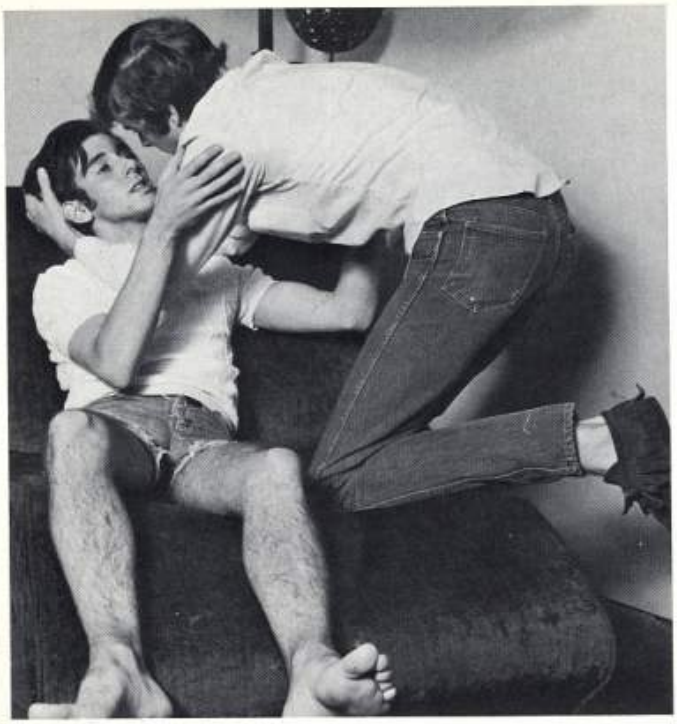
Frankie went down to Main Street
To join some friends for a beer.
Said to the fag bartender,
"Has my lovin' Johnnie been here?
Damn his sweet ass,
But he's doin' me wrong!"

"Honey, I hate to tell you,
I wish I was able to lie,
I saw your Johnnie an hour ago
With that cheap trick Billie Bly.
Piss on his ass, love,
He was doing you wrong!"

Frankie ran back to the apartment,
He shoved his key in the lock.
There on the bed lay Johnnie,
Sucking on Billie Bly's cock.
Said Frankie to his lover,
"Bitch, you're doin' me wrong!"

He gathered all Johnnie's belongings,
He threw them out in the street.
He yelled at his guilty sweetheart,
"Get out and go sell your meat!"
And he was right,
Cause he'd been really done wrong.

Now Johnnie ain't got him no lover,
Ain't got him no new suit of clothes,
He's working the streets all the night time,
He's ass-fucked and he blows.
He's gettin' his just pickings
For doin' his Frankie wrong.



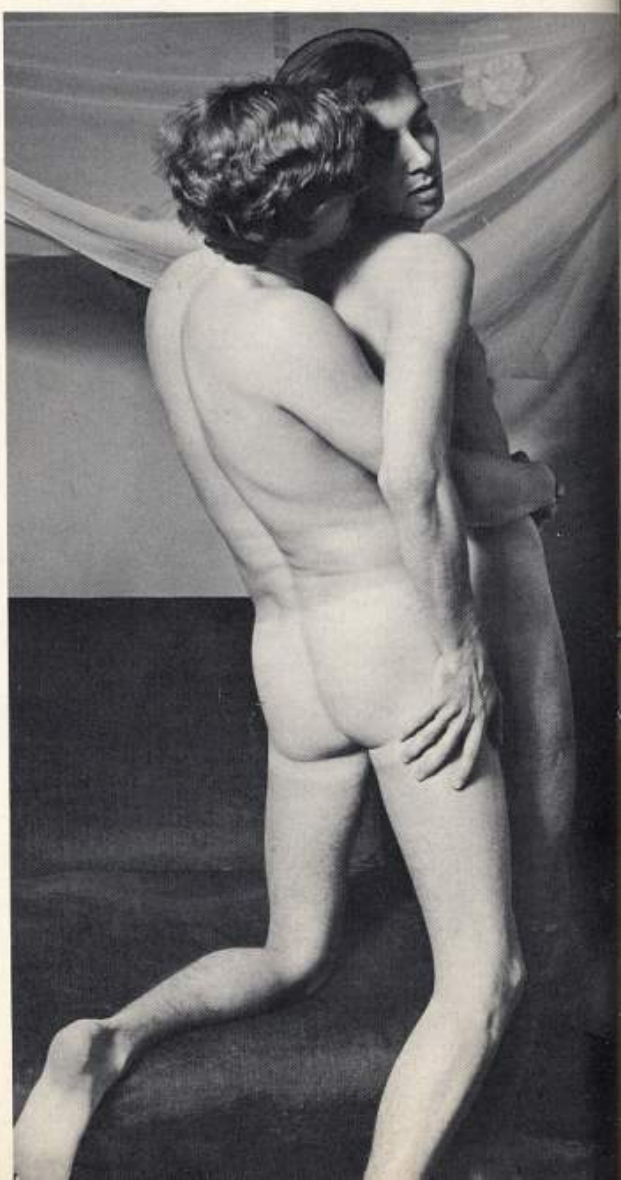
THE TATTOOED LADY!

FRANK PICKED UP A FEW TATTOOS WHEN HE WAS IN THE NAVY, AND HIS FRIENDS DUBBED HIM, "THE TATTOOED LADY." HE DOESN'T MIND THE NAME; IN FACT, HE'S AS PROUD OF IT AS HE IS OF HIS TATTOOS.

HIS FRIEND MURPH SEEMS TO DIG THE TATTOOS AS WELL. AS A MATTER OF FACT, MURPH SEEMS TO DIG BOTH THE TATTOOS AND THE TATTOOED LADY. NOT SURPRISING. MURPH'S AN ART HISTORY MAJOR IN COLLEGE.

HIS BUDDY FRANK NEVER WENT TO COLLEGE. HE WAS A HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUT. YET, THEY SEEM TO BE GETTING ALONG TOGETHER JUST FINE AND DANDY.

THEY STARTED BY GOING OUT ON DOUBLE DATES WITH EACH OTHER. NOW THEY ONLY GO ON SINGLE DATES ... TOGETHER. THEY FIND NEW TRUTH IN THE OLD SAYING, "TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE."



IT SAYS "FUNNY WORLD" ON ONE OF FRANK'S TATTOOS. THERE IS A LOT OF TRUTH IN THAT ONE TOO. SINCE THEY'VE GOTTEN TOGETHER, FRANK AND MURPH FIND THE WORLD A MUCH FUNNIER PLACE. IN FACT, THEY FIND IT DOWNRIGHT GAY!

HAPPY SURFING, MURPH!
AND, HAPPY MURPHING, FRANK!

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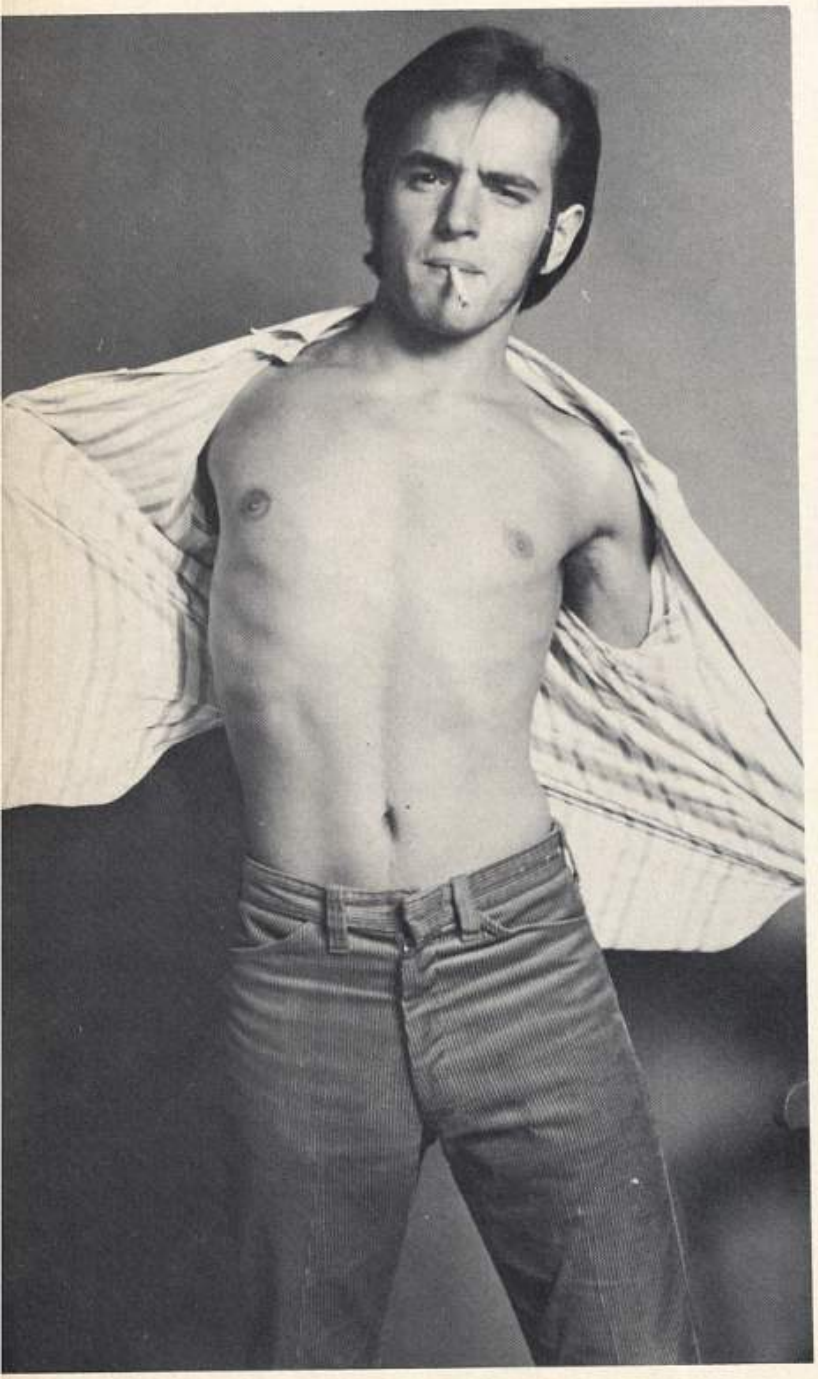
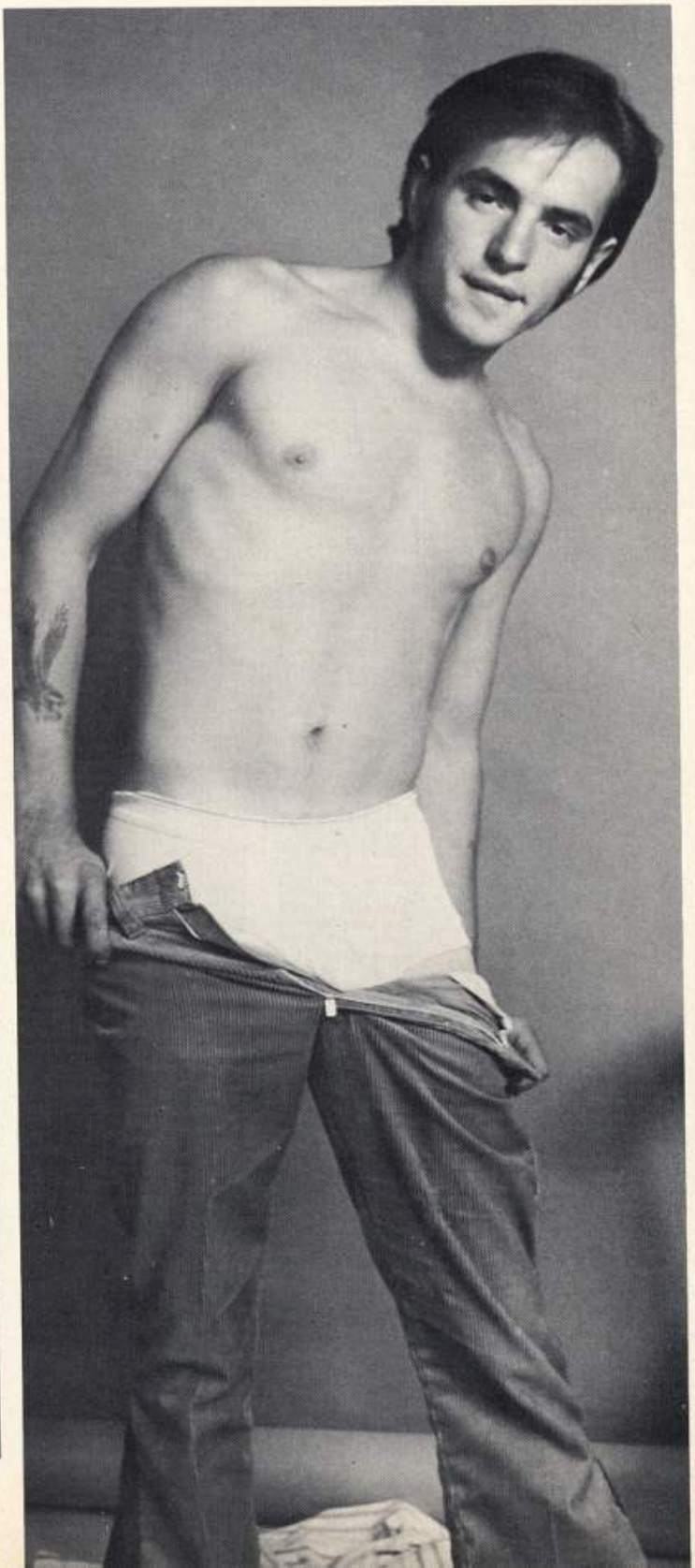
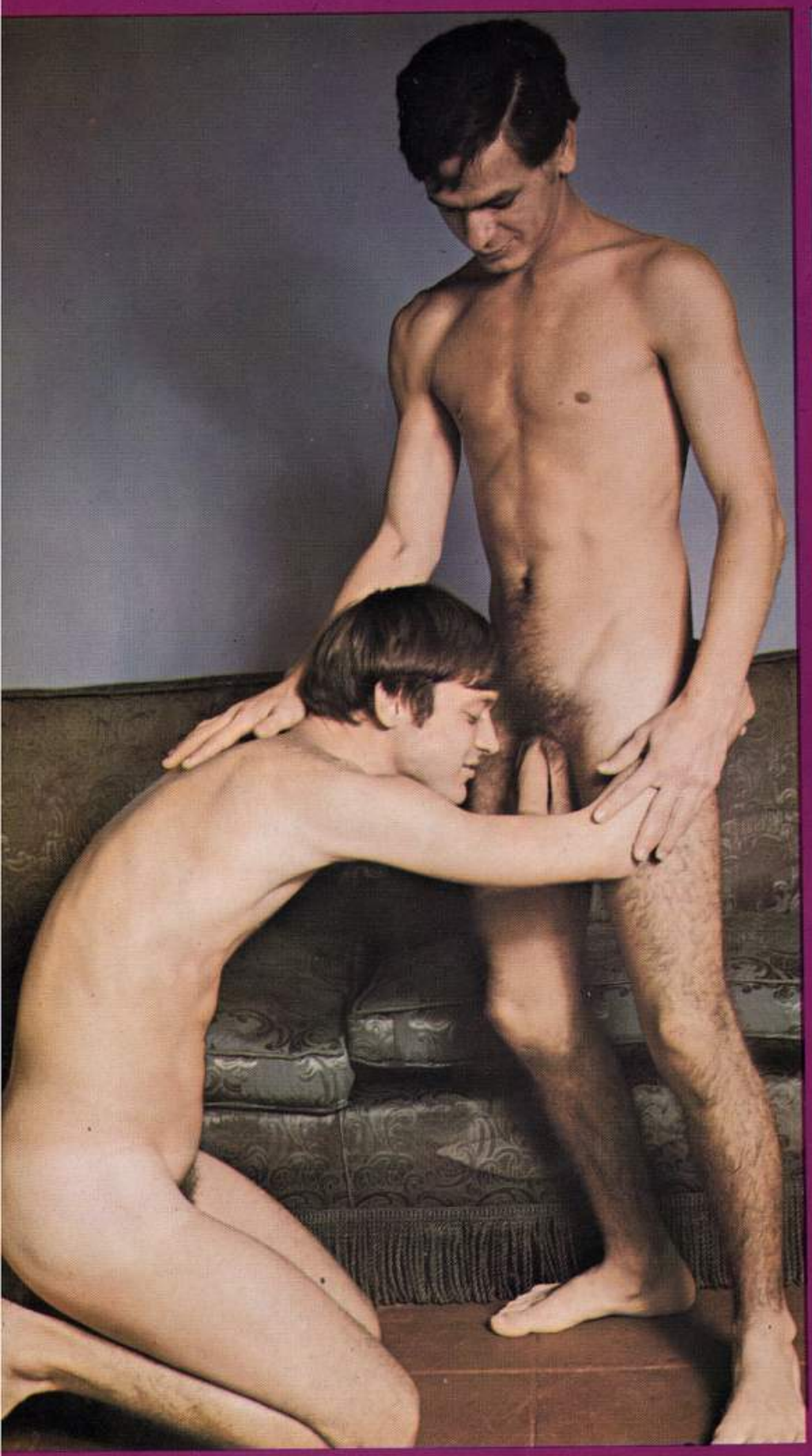
MEET DINO

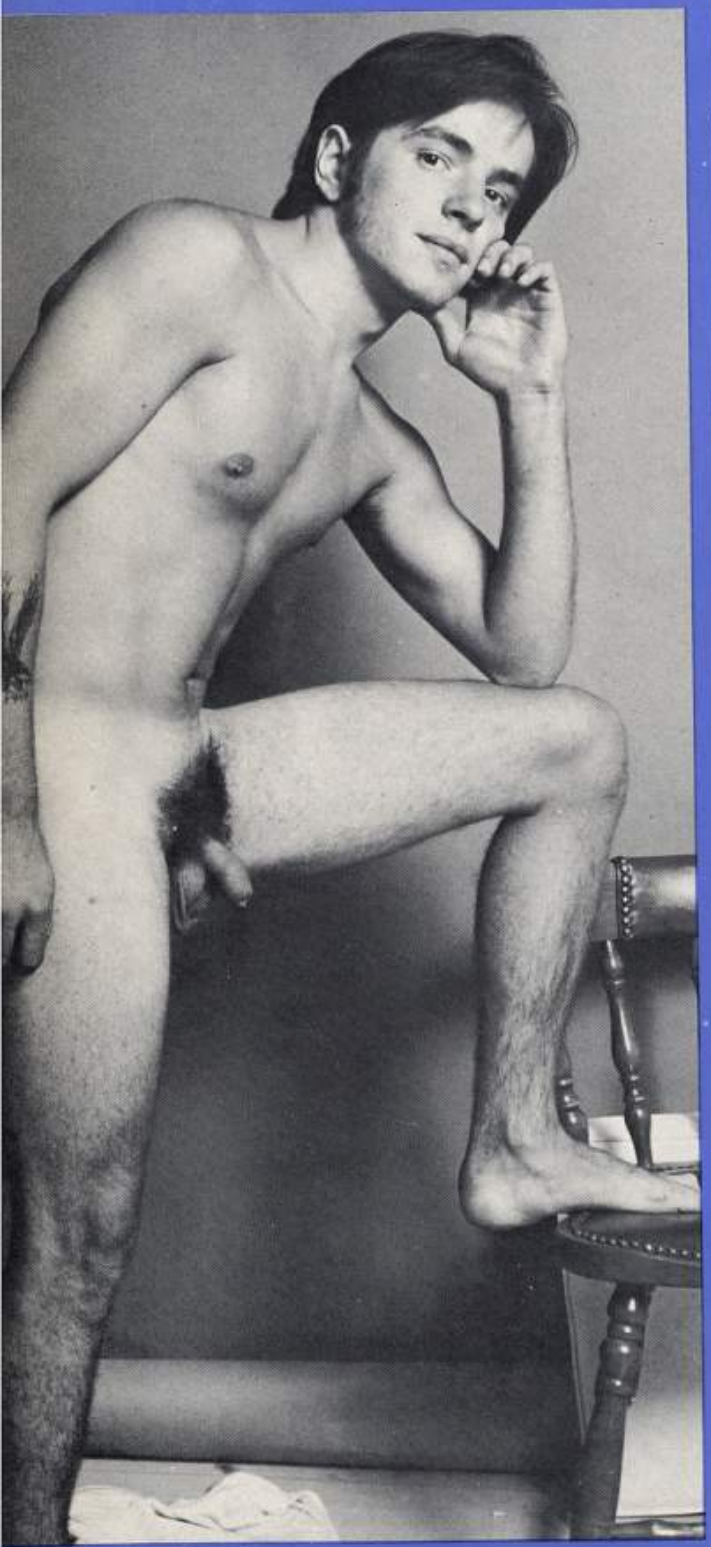
MEET DINO FISCHETTI. HE'S NEW IN LOS ANGELES AND IS LOOKING FOR FRIENDS. DO YOU KNOW ANYBODY WHO MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN BEING DINO'S FRIEND? SO DO I, AND I DON'T BLAME YOU.







HE GOT THE NICKNAME DINO BECAUSE HE IDOLIZES THE FAMOUS SINGER. I'LL BET THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO COULD JUST AS EASILY IDOLIZE *THIS* DINO. I KNOW I COULD. HOW ABOUT YOU?



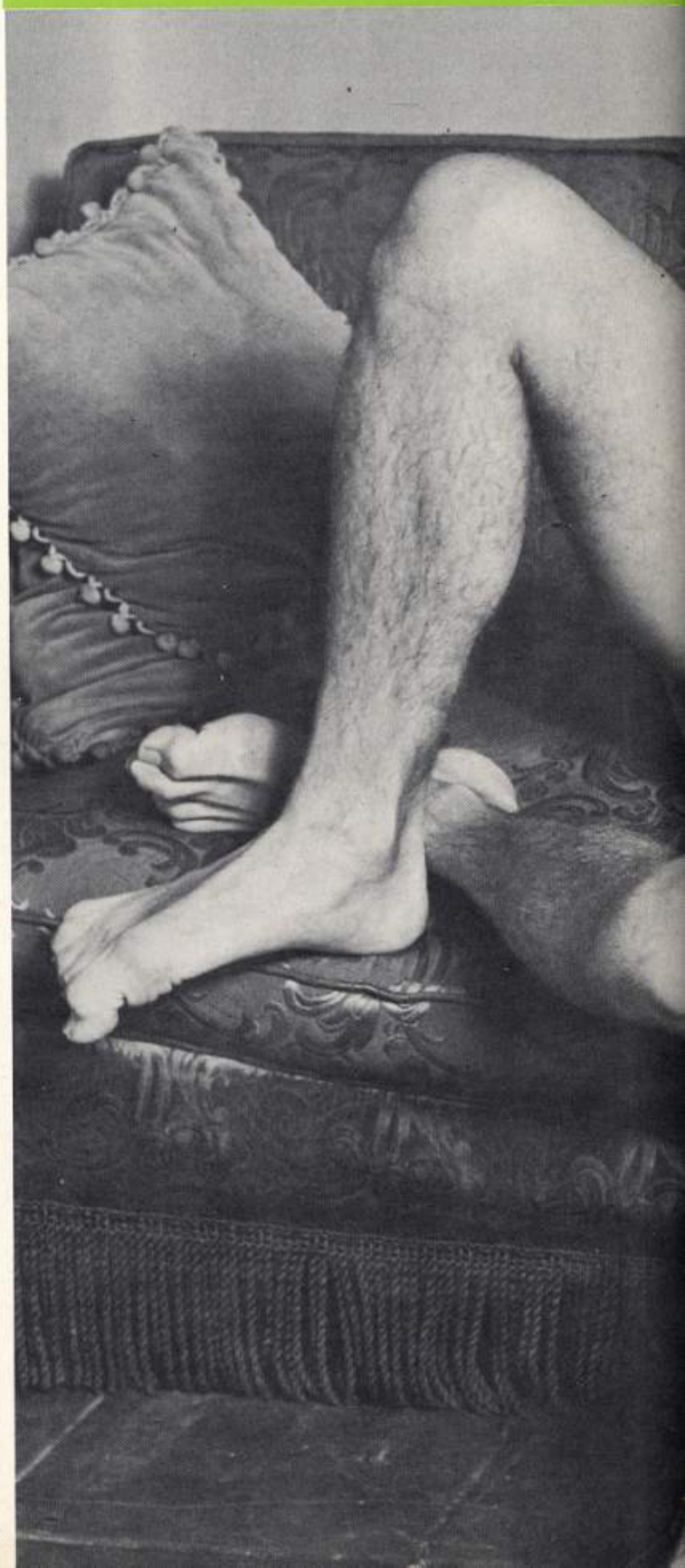
Sweet on

BILLY AND JOEY ARE A COUPLE OF GUYS WHO DON'T HAVE TO GO OUT OF THE PAD THEY SHARE TO FIND FRIENDSHIP. THEY'VE BEEN BUDDIES SINCE THEY MET IN THE ARMY.

Each Other

FOR SOME FELLOWS, THE ARMY IS A HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT . . . EVEN IF THEY'RE NOT IN A WAR ZONE. THAT'S HOW BILLY AND JOEY FOUND IT . . . TILL THEY MET ONE ANOTHER.

THEY BOTH STUCK IT OUT AND GOT HONORABLE DISCHARGES. NOW THEY HAVE JOBS IN THE SAME CITY, AND THEY'RE TRYING TO THINK UP A BUSINESS THE TWO OF THEM CAN GO INTO.



THEY BOTH STUCK IT OUT AND GOT HONORABLE DISCHARGES. NOW THEY HAVE JOBS IN THE SAME CITY, AND THEY'RE TRYING TO THINK UP A BUSINESS THE TWO OF THEM CAN GO INTO.

THEY BOTH THINK THEY WOULD LIKE TO BE INTERIOR DESIGNERS, BUT NEITHER ONE HAS ANY BACKGROUND IN THAT SUBJECT. WHAT THEY PLAN TO DO IS STUDY IT AT NIGHT IN SOME COLLEGE WHILE TRYING TO GET JOBS IN THE FIELD DURING THE DAY.

IF THEY ARE SUCCESSFUL IN THEIR PLANS, THEN THEY ARE GOING TO OPEN UP THEIR OWN BUSINESS TOGETHER. IN THE MEANTIME, THEY'RE JUST SHACKED UP TOGETHER AND HAVING A BALL.

Sweet on Each Other

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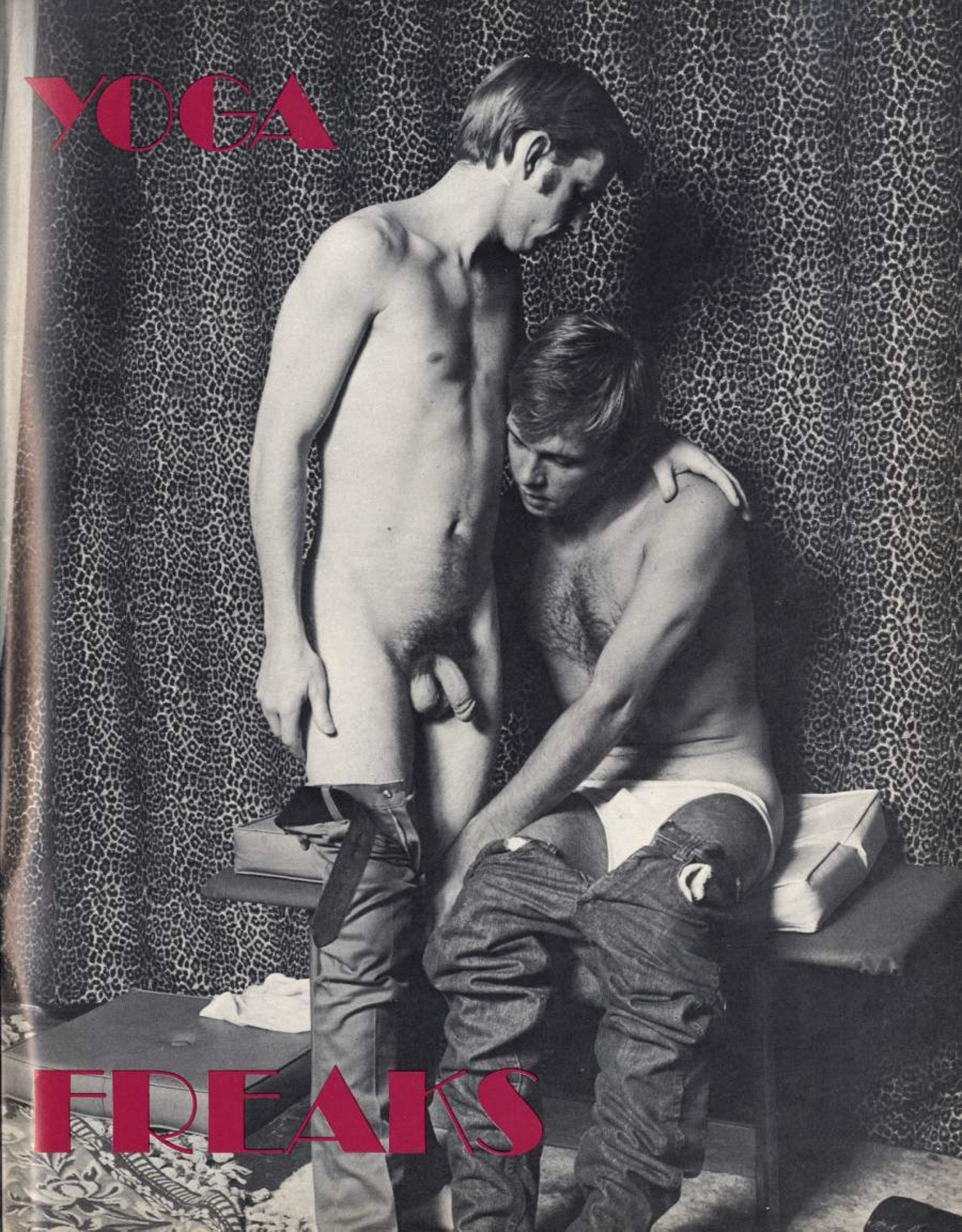
YOGA
FREAKS

THEY LIKE TO GET NAKED TOGETHER, BECAUSE THEY BOTH ADMIRE THE OTHER FELLOW'S BODY. EACH ONE IS A PHYSICAL CULTURIST FROM WAY BACK.

ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS YOU HAVE TO LEARN IN YOGA IS BREATHING. THIS MAY NOT SEEM DIFFICULT AT FIRST SINCE MOST OF US HAVE BEEN BREATHING SINCE THE DAY WE WERE BORN. YOGIS BREATH DIFFERENTLY, THOUGH. THEY BREATH FROM WAY DOWN HERE.

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